

Roswaal Mansion Girls Party (Dressing Room Edition)

1

[Emilia: Aaaaaah....]

Yawning from the morning's drowsiness, the girl rubbed tears from the corner of her eyes with the back of her hands.

She had long, silver hair, and beautiful amethyst eyes. She had the lovely appearance of a fairy, but her slightly rumpled nightgown gave her a touch of indecent charm.

The nightgown slipped slightly, revealing her slender, fair-skinned shoulder...almost.

[Rem: That won't do, Emilia-sama. If you rub at your eyes like that, they'll turn red.]

Hands quickly extended from behind her, and stopped both the nightgown from slipping, and her hands from rubbing at her eyes. At the advice, the girl - Emilia - responded with a sleepy [mmm], and then [Mm... yes, okay. ...but I don't think it would really be that bad.]

[Rem: It's important to take care, even with the little things. Your hair, as well, needs to be combed, even if it takes a long time. I'm beginning to understand Puck-sama's sorrows.]

[Emilia: Hmf, you're so mean...]

Seated on a chair, Emilia puffed her cheeks out with a look of dissatisfaction. Standing behind Emilia, and politely running a comb through her silver hair, was a blue-hair girl - Rem.

It was early morning, and directly after waking up, Emilia was in the mansion's dressing room, having Rem take care of her hair.

-- To Emilia, having someone take care of her hair was the start of every morning.

Leaving her hair care to others... this was not due to Emilia being lazy, but that the people around her wouldn't leave it alone. Truthfully, it might be accurate to say that the people around her couldn't help but notice that Emilia was indifferent to her own appearance, and so it was a result of her laziness.

[Rem: if you don't want to take care of it yourself, please let Rem or Puck-sama handle it for you.]

[Emilia: ...Alright.]

Rem chided her as she gently ran the brush through her hair, and Emilia reluctantly nodded.

Rem excelled at all things at the mansion, and had first rate skills not only for taking care of the estate's various tasks, but also caring for the personal grooming of the residents. Just having Rem touch her hair brought a curious sense of peace. Before she knew it, she was overwhelmed by the temptation to go back to sleep.

[Ram: Emilia-sama, now that you've managed to get up, it wouldn't do to fall asleep again. Even Ram is sleepy, after all.]

[Emilia: Mmmf... Ah, sorry. Mhmm, you're right, but I got reeeeeeeally sleepy.]

[Ram: Ram can certainly understand that. Rem's hands have a heavenly touch.]

The one saying that, her chest swollen with pride, was a girl whose appearance matched Rem's like two peas in a pod - pink hair and light red eyes were their only difference in color - Rem's older sister, Ram.

Unlike Rem, Ram was standing back and observing Emilia's hair being styled, but that didn't seem especially strange. The sisters, Ram and Rem, had always divided their responsibilities like this.

[Rem: Nee-sama, if you keep praising me like that, I'm going to blush... Emilia-sama, I've finished.]

Rem's cheeks turned faintly red at Ram's compliment, and she gave Emilia a light pat on her shoulder. As they'd been speaking, the silver hair Rem had gathered had been woven into a pretty braid.

[Emilia: Oh, thank you. ...Mhmm, I'm sure Puck will be very pleased, too. That helps a lot.]

[Rem: Something like this is nothing more than the work expected of Rem. But, it's rare for Great Spirit-sama to not be here while Emilia-sama is having her hair done.]

The Great Spirit that Rem was concerned about was Puck, the small cat-spirit that held a contract with Emilia. As Emilia's self-appointed parent, the little cat offered guidance constantly, and often prodded her about taking care of her appearance. As a result, he was always present in the morning when her hair was being done, and when she was selecting clothing, but...

[Emilia: It seems he stayed awake too long yesterday. He was up late playing with Subaru, so he's sleeping in today. I just can't believe him sometimes.]

[Ram: With Barusu, you say? With all the work he has to do today, he's got some nerve staying up late.]

Emilia was smiling slightly in spite of what she'd said, but Ram drew her eyebrows together in displeasure. Seeing Rem nod in agreement with her sister's words, Emilia's wry smile deepened.

[Ram: So Barusu's late night is the reason that Puck-sama is still resting, then. ...If he's making problems not only for himself, but for everyone around him, then it casts even more doubts on his competence.]

[Rem: But, nee-sama. Thanks to Subaru-kun, nee-sama and Rem can pick out this morning's clothing for Emilia-sama.]

[Ram: That's true. Barusu can take credit for that, at least.]

[Emilia: You're giving Subaru credit for that? Why?]

As Emilia tilted her head at the sister's conversation, Rem responded [You see,] to her confusion, and continued:

[Rem: Choosing Emilia-sama's clothing has always been Puck-sama job, after all. There was never any chance for nee-sama or Rem to give any advice on the matter. But, today will be different.]

[Ram: As far as choosing clothing is concerned, Emilia-sama has no opinion on the matter, correct? Everything is up to Ram and Rem, in other words. It's a little bit exciting, honestly.]

[Emilia: I... I see. I don't really understand...]

Emilia felt a little confused as the sisters became excited. The sisters' expression didn't normally change much, but as they talked seriously about Emilia's clothing, she glimpsed a trace of enjoyment in their faces.

As Ram had pointed out, Emilia didn't have any idea what she should wear. If the sisters could have some fun choosing her hairstyle and clothes, she thought that was fine, but...

[Emilia: It feels a little sad to be left out... oh, I know!]

[Ram: Emilia-sama?]

Unable to participate in the sisters' discussion, Emilia broke her silence as her eyes suddenly lit up. Ram's expression softened as she noticed Emilia's sudden change, and Emilia beamed at Ram proudly.

Ram and Rem exchanged glances as Emilia's attitude showed she'd had a flash of inspiration.

[Emilia: I just had a reeeeeeal good idea. Listen, listen.]

[Ram: ...I'm not sure I want to hear it, but what have you thought up?]

[Emilia: Well, I'm really happy that you're working so hard to pick an outfit for me, but aren't the two of you always wearing the same maid outfit? That seems a little sad to me.]

Not noticing Ram's hesitant wording, Emilia confidently raised a finger and continued.

[Emilia: Since we're here already, I thought I'd like to see what you have to wear beside maid outfits.]

2

[Rem: Subaru-kun was one thing, but for Emilia-sama to be suggesting this as well...]

[Emilia: Oh, Subaru was telling you the same thing too? I think I understand a little better what he was thinking, now. It's so much fun seeing all your cute clothes, after all.]

[Ram: Though in Barusu's case, his ulterior motive was obvious, so the idea was dismissed.]

Neither of the sisters could turn down Emilia, after she'd suggested this with such an enthusiastic smile.

Looking at Ram and Rem standing side by side, Emilia clasped her hands in delight and looked deeply impressed. That was no surprise, since the two of them were in entirely different clothing than she had seen them wear before.

Emilia had known the sisters for three or four months now, but she had never seen them wear anything other than their maid outfits. She didn't know how to express her gratitude.

[Emilia: Thankya, thankya!]

[Ram: Emilia-sama, that response shows a lot of Barusu's bad influence on you.]

[Emilia: Mhmm, I was trying to do a little impression of him there. But I'm really very happy!]

Sighing a little as Emilia looked on with her hands held together, Ram turned around once for her. The hem of her skirt lifted as she twirled, and she sparkled with a lovely girlishness.

Ram's current clothing, compared to the maid outfit that left most of her shoulders and back exposed, was much less revealing. However, the feminine outfit, with a soft white as it's basis, was an entirely different kind of charming, compared to her usual black serving clothes.

With her maid headdress removed, a large ribbon only added to the effect.

[Ram: Honestly, this is quite embarrassing. This look just isn't me.] said Ram as she posed, running her hand through her hair, creating a perfectly adorable image. Emilia looked on, delighted; she was beginning to realize the fun of choosing outfits for others.

[Rem: As expected of nee-sama. No matter what she wears, her beauty only shines more brightly.]

[Ram: Thank you. But you look good too, Rem. Ram is very proud of how cute her little sister is.]

As Rem praised her sister's appearance, Ram smiled faintly and touched her cheek.

In contrast to Ram's outfit that had been made with an eye towards a soft splendor, Rem's clothes were abundant with frills, producing a sweet ambiance not unlike something that would seem fitting for Beatrice, another of the mansion's residents. With left and right ponytails adding to the effect, the combination of Rem's gentle eyes and her attire shone brightly.

[Emilia: Mmmmhm, it's just as I suspected. It's a terrible waste for the two of you to be wearing only maid outfits all the time. We've discovered something here, don't you think?]

[Ram: Our uniforms are in accordance with Roswaal-sama's will, so Ram can only agree with him. However, it was thanks to Emilia-sama that we could see Rem look this adorable ... I'd like to say that, at least.]

[Emilia: You're reeeeaaly not telling us everything, Ram. Don't you agree, Rem?]

[Rem: Rem is pleased to be able to see nee-sama in her uniform every day. Working, going out, shopping, fighting, serving... they are everything we need.]

[Emilia: But they're all maid outfits...]

Rem had counted off the different types on her fingers, but they were all more or less the same maid outfit.

Hearing that response, Emilia started to worry that maybe Rem wasn't really that interested, but Rem showed a rare smile and continued [Just kidding, Emilia-sama. Rem really enjoyed seeing nee-sama's cute clothing, too.]

[Emilia: ...Really? That's good to hear. But you look reeeeaaly cute too, Rem.]

[Rem: Thank you very much. However, we should probably get back to work soon.]

As Rem responded, she was looking above the door of the dressing room. The magic time crystal placed there had turned deep green, letting them know it was time to begin the morning.

Ram and Rem needed to start their work in the mansion, and Emilia needed to spend her daily time with the lesser spirits.

[Emilia: That's too bad. But I suppose we can't keep on playing forever.]

[Ram: Yes, that's right. On top of that, if we don't change quickly, it's not impossible that Barusu might show up and misunderstand what's going on. Ram really wouldn't want Barusu to see her like this.]

[Emilia: Ahah, too bad for him. Oh, but wouldn't you want to show Roswaal that outfit?]

[Ram:Ram can imagine what Roswaal would say about it.]

She had hesitated for just a moment, but then shook her head as though clearing it of regret. Rem seemed to agree with her sister, and began to undo her tied-up hair.

It was lonely, and unfortunate. But, there was nothing that could be done. It was that kind of moment.

[Puck: Sorry, sorry, Lia. I slept in. Were you able to wake up alright?]

[Emilia: Ah, Puck.]

The green crystal hanging at Emilia's chest lit up brilliantly; the next moment, the light introduced a small cat spirit into the world. The little cat rubbed at his eyes, and, looked around the dressing room.

[Puck: Oh, what's this? Not only Lia, but the other two are dressed up cutely today as well.]

Blinking his round eyes in surprise, Puck whispered without malice. At those words, the sisters, who were still changing their clothes, looked at each other, and then they both fixed their eyes on Emilia.

[Ram: Somehow, being seen by Puck-sama isn't pleasant either...]

[Rem: It's rather strange. Rem feels the same way as nee-sama. What do you think we should do about it?]

[Emilia: Umm, I'm not really sure what to say... Ah, I know!]

As the sisters looked at her sourly and complained, Emilia thought hard, and then clapped her hands. Opening one hand, she landed the floating Puck on her palm.

[Puck: What's the matter, Lia? You look a little... hmm, you look like a child getting into mischief.]

[Emilia: Well you see, Puck. I understand a little better how Puck feels. So, I thought that it'd be nice for Puck to understand a little better how I feel, too.]

[Puck It's important to understand each other. But I'm getting a bad feeling about this... Hey, hold on, wait!]

Seeing Emilia's smile deepen, Puck's face showed a rare moment of disquiet. But Emilia didn't wait. Ram and Rem didn't wait, either.

3

--- That day, the atmosphere at the Roswaal estate dinner table was a little different from normal.

Every morning, all the mansion's residents gathered together for breakfast. This included the lord of the manor, and Beatrice, and the servant boy was no exception either. However...

[Beatrice: Nii-cha, you look wonderful. Even if it's not your usual appearance, it's making Betty's heart melt...]

[Puck: Haha, thank you, Betty. But, if you'll please avoid drawing too much attention to how I look, it'll help to preserve the little pride I have left.]

Out of those assembled, Beatrice was even more excited than usual as she held Puck to her cheek. Cradled in Beatrice's arms, Puck's appearance was completely different from normal.

With ribbons attached all over his body, and a lovely dress made from from a handkerchief and lace, the little cat who usually only wore gray fur was now decorated splendidly.

Subaru, who knew nothing about the situation, was looking at Puck wide-eyed. Leaning towards Emilia sitting next to him, he held his hand to his mouth as if trying to speak discreetly.

[Subaru: Hey, what's going on there? I'm pretty tolerant towards the idea of dressing up pets, but did you do that, Emilia-tan?]

[Emilia: Hmm, well...]

With a wry smile at Subaru's question, Emilia glanced at the head of the table. There, watching with amusement as Beatrice and Puck cuddled, was Roswaal, with the two maids quietly lined up behind him. They both noticed Emilia's quick look, and each raised a hand.

Those hands were making the sign that Subaru had called 'The Fox'...

[Subaru: Emilia-tan?]

As Subaru repeated his question in a confused voice, Emilia stuck out the tip of her tongue. The answer was a secret from the time spent this morning in the dressing room, between the sisters and herself, so...

[Emilia: Subaru, I can't tell you.]

Emilia answered with a cute wink.